

THE LIBERATOR

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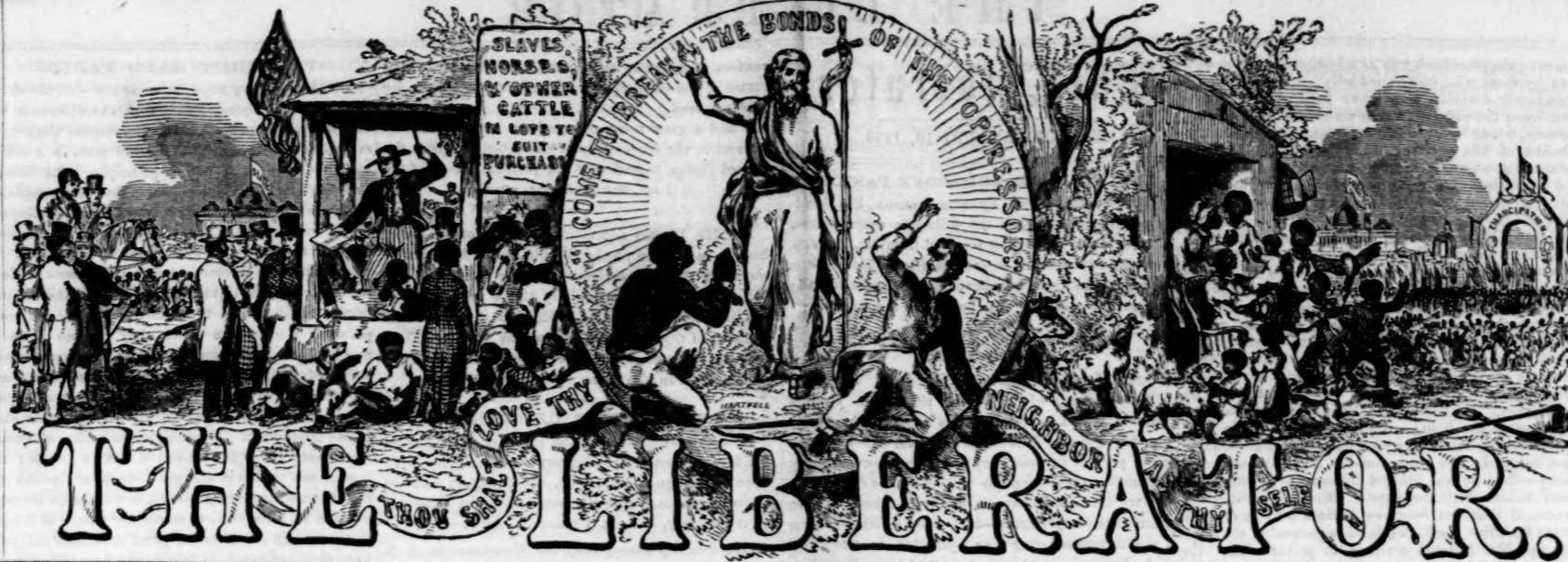
The following gentlemen constitute the Financial Committee, but are not responsible for any of the debts of the paper, viz.—FRANCIS JACKSON, EDWARD QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILBRICK, and WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

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BOSTON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1859.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1605.



Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

The United States Constitution is a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell.

The free States are the guardians and essential supports of slavery. We are the jailers and constables of the institution. . . . There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but they are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke. On this subject, OUR FATHERS, IN FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, SWERVED FROM THE RIGHT. We their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk in it. To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution. . . . No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong doing. To this conviction the free States are tending.

— WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

The following straightforward and unpretending tale respecting the recovery of some fugitive slaves, is creditable to the heart of the writer, and eloquent in the disclosures it makes of the privations and woes to which fugitives are subjected by their pseudo friends of Chicago. Mr. Frost, in writing the letter appended below, seems to have been mainly actuated by a desire to exculpate from blame those who had been wrongfully charged with assisting in the recovery of slaves; but incidentally, he has rendered a greater service in the revelations made of Abolition hypocrisy and injustice:

THE LATE RECOVERY OF SLAVES IN CHICAGO—STATEMENT OF THEIR OWNER.
ST. LOUIS, August 3, 1859.
Editor of the Chicago Times.

DEAR SIR—I observe from the Chicago papers that considerable excitement has existed in your city, in consequence of my having secretly brought thence my three negro men—fugitives from service and labor.

I regret exceedingly to see the noble sentiment of pity so sparingly expended upon unworthy objects, and still more regret to see it become the moving cause of injustice and persecution to innocent parties, be they black or white. For these reasons I propose to give you the character of the individuals who have called forth this burst of sympathy, as well as the mode by which they were brought home, trusting that when the facts are known, the reasonable people of Chicago will see that justice is done to their own citizens.

Six years since, Governor Scott, (now in Chicago, and recently a witness in certain proceedings held there,) together with his brother, Henry Scott, and his nephew, Washington Anderson, ran away from my father-in-law, the late Major Richard Graham, and all went to Chicago. Governor, from his boyhood up, was notorious throughout the neighborhood as a gambler, thief, and drunkard. He left behind him when he ran away, three wives—all now living here and within circuit of ten miles, and his son, a fourth if not more, in your city. Henry, the brother, was convicted of larceny and fled by the civil authorities; he afterwards stole a slave, for which he had not yet been tried, and for which I held, when I found him, the requirement of the Governor of Missouri; and sometime during the last winter, he was tried for larceny in the State of Indiana, found guilty, and sent to the penitentiary. After about two weeks' sojourn, he broke out of jail, and fled to Chicago as an asylum, where he had doubtless lived by pilfering up to the time I brought him away. In every other wise, as well as being thrifty, he imitated the example of his older brother, (Governor,) but being neither as good looking or intelligent, he did not succeed as well in the matrimonial line.

Washington was a lad, only sixteen years of age when he ran away, and up to that time had distinguished himself only as an expert pilferer of corncribs and hen-roosts. As he grew older, he grew bolder, and aimed higher, until at length the inexorable civil authorities of Indiana seized him also, found him guilty of grand larceny, and sent him to the State of Illinois, where he was tried for the same offense, and he again, though with much trouble and expense, I observed him to do, was sent to the penitentiary of the Governor, last spring. Having voluntarily accompanied me home, he remained happy and contented with his relatives, without ever a harsh word for past offenses, until some two months ago, when, having fully established himself in the confidence of his father, mother and owners, he again ran away to Chicago, enticed away with him his younger brother, who was an exceedingly good boy, and the loss of whom nearly killed his mother. This last act of treachery on Washington's part was considered so outrageous even by the other negroes, that they were unanimous in the hope that he might be caught. Having now been thoroughly convinced of this family, whatever may be said of other negroes, were incapable of living honestly and decently in a free State, I determined to bring them home. I accordingly sent policemen from this city on their trail, who reported them to be in Chicago. I then thought, thinking that if I could meet them in person, they would willingly, if not gladly, accompany me home. I employed professional detectives to bring about an interview, instead of lawyers and the like, and succeeded in getting them to come to me, and when I had sent them to the police authorities to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law. The interview was had, and, as I expected, the three boys, Henry, Washington and Jim were perfectly willing to come home with me, told me of all the hardships and troubles they had suffered, inspired after their friends and relatives at home, laughed and chattered merrily for half an hour, and then went fast asleep. Within ten minutes after meeting me, Jim communicated to me the fact that he had left home he had not been able to collect a single dollar for all the hard labor he had done for sympathizing friends, and proved the truth of his statement by turning his empty pockets inside out, exhibiting his toes through his shoes, and his garments in rags, (all of which, by the way, I had given him on my own word,) a short time prior to his leaving home.) covered with shame that, since he was in Chicago, he had been forced to do which he never expected to do—it, being due to his desire to keep from starving. Henry had a similar tale to tell, except that, instead of getting verbal, he had recourse written proofs to pay for his labor, and looking over all his best efforts, he immediately put his hands to callous for his following notes, which were all he had received or could ever get for seventeen months of hard labor:

CLIFTON, Feb. 14th, 1858.
Six months after date, I promise to pay to the Hon. Henry Scott ninety-two dollars at Clifton; value received. (Signed) HENRY D. WALKER.

Also the following—

CLIFTON, Feb. 14th, 1858.
Due Henry Scott, on demand, fifty-one hundred dollars. (Signed) HENRY D. WALKER.

I have promised Henry to collect, the foregoing notes, and give him the money, and I presume that Mr. Walker's sympathy, if not his sense of justice, will induce him to remit to me the above amounts, which I faithfully promise shall be handed to Henry for his own use and benefit. If not, my sympathy for and duty to the poor negro will force me, however disagreeable it may be, to institute suit against him.

I would not be at all disposed to press Mr. Walker in this matter, were I not credibly informed that he is a wealthy farmer, who has always professed great sympathy for the negro race.

Washington's circumstances were no better than those of Jim, and Henry's pocket emptiness, his clothes ragged, reputation buried in the Indiana Penitentiary—he was truly a miserable object.

The foregoing statement, you will not be at all surprised, Mr. Editor, that these boys would have exhibited, as they did, a real pleasure in again meeting with a true friend in their master; one who had never laid, or caused to be laid, the weight of a hand upon them in anger, or even used a harsh expression to them.

SWAN AND GHOLSON. The Springfield, (Ohio,) News, a stanch Republican paper, thus discourses:

If the issue had been the approval or disapproval of Judge Swan's decision, there would have been a majority in its favor. We do not claim that the approval would have been unanimous, but if there had been a majority, it would have prevailed triumphantly. In reality, the action of the Convention, in nominating Judge Swan, sustained Judge Swan; for it is well known, in all portions of Ohio, outside of "brightened Ash-tables" and the "skull" of Joshua R. Giddings, that Judge Gholson is just another such a man in sentiment, in talent, and in moral worth as Judge Swan.

Dr. McDowell, who had just completed a Sunday Reform address in the Mercantile Library, then rose and delivered a speech, which, for obscenity and profanity, is seldom equalled. In the course of his remarks, he saw a man in the crowd smoking a cigar. He very politely requested the gentleman to desist from the indulgence, and then remarked, he said: "I will speak of the faults of Sunday beer drinking, he said: "I never speak of the faults of any other day."

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SELECTIONS.

EMANCIPATION IN ST. LOUIS.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

Sr. Louis, Aug. 1, 1859.

It may not be a matter of indifference to the readers of the Tribune to know somewhat of the progress that is making in this great city toward disentangling itself from the shackles of that peculiar institution which in times past has been its pride and glory.

Be it known to them that we, too, have celebrated, on the 1st of August, 1859, the anniversary of the Emancipation in the British Dominions.

Mr. Philip P. Carpenter, brother of Dr. Carpenter, the celebrated physiologist, and the gentleman who so nobly donated a collection of six thousand dollars to the State of New York, and who is now visiting friends in the West, and lecturing on Saturday morning, that he would lecture, by consent of the Tribune, on the subject of British emancipation.

On Sunday morning, the following appeared in the St. Louis Republican:

ANTI-SLAVERY. — In the Missouri Democrat of yesterday morning (eighth column, second page,) appears the following advertisement:

NEXT MONDAY EVENING, Aug. 1, being the Anniversary of Emancipation in the British Dominions, an Address will be delivered on the subject (with the mission of May) by Philip P. Carpenter, in the Museum Hall, Market-st., opposite the Court House, at 8 o'clock, p.m.

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The Liberator.

BOSTON, AUGUST 19, 1859.

greater than she owes any other man, demand a recognition. If Horace Mann is permitted to go without the recognition of his friends, some more public and emphatic form, it will be a burning disgrace to the Commonwealth, and will be most conclusive as to the ingratitude of Republicans.

We are not blind to some of the unfortunate traits in the character of Horace Mann. No man ever had more acrimonious controversies, or more bitter hates. But he never wavered in his fidelity to Massachusetts, at a time when it cost something to be true. And his services to the State were of that positive and decided character whose results remain and will remain for ages, whether they are formally recognized or not. They will constantly obtrude themselves upon us, and crop out in the histories and eulogies of future time, even if pre-judice or neglect at the present time deny him what is his right. If we measure the services of these two men in the State and the nation, practically and soberly, we cannot hesitate on whom to bestow the highest prize. If men were not charmed by the fascinations of genius, and captured by tropes and metaphors, while patient and untiring labor is disregarded; if the blaze of oratory did not so blind men that they forget the value of other and more serviceable labor; if, in trifles to genius, how-ever just, we did not forget those due to philanthropy and education, there would have been here the same fitting commemoration of the virtues of a son of Massachusetts, who now sleeps under the sod of another State. In one of Choate's orations, there is a tribute to Horace Mann, from which the friends of both or either might receive a suggestion, which would be profitable to their own reputations, and just to the reputation of the dead.—*Boston Atlas and Bee*.

CHOATE AND MANN.

Extract from a cogent and eloquent Sermon, from the text, 'Speaking the truth in love,' preached on Sunday morning, August 7th, by Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Third Unitarian Society in New York:—

It is often a duty to speak the truth about people. One of the most solemn duties of life—a duty that we owe to ourselves, to society, and no less, I think, to the person, living or dead, who is spoken of. A duty which no man can discharge with impunity, and which properly should impress us to ever omit; and yet, dare so difficult, and so delicate that what is called, in the foolish world, *charity*, makes a principle of not discharging it at all. Yet surely it is of the utmost importance that men should know who and what people are with whom they may be dealing—who and what people were whose memory they are blindly revering. No Christian will let prudence or politeness, or a mistaken respect for persons, silence his mouth when unprincipled men are misleading their fellows to their hurt. I have no patience with those excessively amiable persons who make it a virtue never to speak ill of anybody. All are men and women saints? Or if sinners, is it none of our business to know it? I am fully conscious of the danger of speaking—the danger that one may deceive himself, may injure innocence, may encourage a censorious spirit. One walks here amid dangers all the way. The slanderer claims to speak nothing but the simple truth when he blasts the character of his brother man with reckless wickedness. The gossip professes to speak the simple truth when he undermines reputations for sport. The libeller protests that he utters only what is true when he spits his venom maliciously upon the objects of his personal dislike. The satirist falls back upon the assertion that he is only giving evident facts when possibly contempt is lurking in every line he writes. It is never a duty to speak truth about men just because it is truth, and we happen to know it. It is never a duty to speak the truth about men when it is not likely to benefit in a much greater degree than it injures. If charity leads to the exposure of many sins, it always covers up a multitude. Still, charity does lead us to expose many. Charity imposes this duty—loves bids us speak ill as well as good of our neighbors. Let the lover, then, do it; but we must all then become lovers, that we may all do it on occasion. For, verily, few things need more to be done than this; and few things are done so badly. So very badly is it done, that the actual doing of it is one of the curses of the world; so very badly that good men say, 'let it not be done at all—but better silence than slander'; so badly, that from time immemorial, there has been a motto, 'Nil de mortuis, nisi bonorum'—no talk about but good of the dead'; let the telling of bad truth about men stop with the grave, as if all the talk of the earth was nothing but slander, revile, and reviling.

If death could only enforce the maxim it has suggested, and stop slander at the grave, we would call it most blessed of angels. Since last we met here, the telegraph wires have brought us the report of a noble man's death. Noble he was indeed, loyal and brave, a man devoted to the best interests of his fellow-men, a foe to all iniquity, a friend to all righteously, a clear heart and a hoier conscience in a naughty world; but in his life he was misrepresented and abused. If death would exert its charm now over slanderous tongues to silence them forever; if death would just touch with persuasion eloquent lips, and make them declare all his great worth as a man, a patriot, a philanthropist, a pure character to be looked up to and copied by all young men! But HORACE MANN will sleep in an obscure grave, and they who have always spoken the truth about him, that they will now speak the same truth in tears. Meanwhile, we are still here, our voices ringing with the formal lamentations, the decorous grunts, the ceremonious and fulsome oratory which last two or three weeks since strained to exalt an unscrupulous advocate, a reckless master of tongue-fence, a man undistinguished by any of the grandest qualities that enoble humanity, and very much distinguished for some qualities that are not grand at all, into the rank of patriot, sage and Christian. Of him the truth must not be spoken, for the truth would not be flattering, and men dared only flatter! But why should truth be buried in the grave? What title has death to cast the veil of oblivion over human follies, and change the vices of men into virtues? What title has death to hoodwink our sense of justice, and to lay the finger of silence upon righteous lips? What title has death to canonize sin? The dead are our rulers—they are our *idols*. A few years pass, and they are taken up into the bright sky of our imagination, to be revered as heroes and demi-gods—it is to be done with all the solemnity of a divine service. We take them as examples, we appeal to them as guides, we make them the measure of our existence; surely, then, we ought to know the truth about them ere it is too late. It is a serious thing to confuse the standard of virtue, and mislead the veneration of the world. It is a serious thing to let a bad man pass on to immortal fame, and a good man perhaps pass on to immortal infamy—and all because their death-mon has struck. It would be hard to say which has done the most mischief in the world, injuries to the living or misjudgment of the dead. Let us have the *truth* now at least. The dead cannot be harmed by it, nor grieved by it. Nay, they must wish it to be spoken freely for the instruction and benefit of their fellow-men.

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We take them as examples, we

large every woman to which she can be up to her, in ad-
and womanly duties, to
int her independent
serves some noble and
the world has hit-
the complete equality,
of our petition to the
up in our demand
and women.
Rule, 'Be as you
and courtesy, civility,
to both men and
of education which
is the only measure
right to acquire; and
be satisfied until she
physical, intellectual
capacity.

the only great
it is not enough for
same great institutions
forward to the use of
and pursuits of
stimulus which can
suffrage contains the
and private, and that
inviolability.

the great work of this
ight of woman to vote
the especial time for this
empire State must be
the calling of another
g speech, ably sustain-

announced, who de-
and impressive dis-
the only limit of educa-
tion, hence, equal edu-
its use.

acts on the subject for
the Convention, after which the
lock.

organized by the
george, of Poughkeepsie,
Miss Anthony

cially lawyers, to state
but, to one came

announced Emilie L.

poke at some length,

the Convention, and ad-

Miss Philleo was next

to place herself upon

the respect she met here.

Her the move-

next speaker. He no-

the movement upon the
the masses. His

Blackwell then took

the resolutions of the
real position of woman,

ments for the edifica-

were again and again

to respond.

up, after which the
past seven.

ing session, both the
repeated the invitation

still no one answered.

a few remarks, that
self with this move-

self, after which A. M.

speech, producing un-

an should receive the

vindicating her right
alleging upon all to sus-
taining and evening
and arguments which

Her manner produced

said that he had

the side of the question,

the other side. As

they were usually, we

they stated a part

Teachers' Associa-

, when the Convention

having, despite their

sneaked behind the

silence. Peace to

the cause of quiet

and bombastic pre-

sense before another

attendance was very

interestingly man-

cation.

J. M. DeGARMO.

TREATED BY A

E.

little Brahmin, who since

more than a year

attention and notice,

written to the Boston

his treatment at the close

arrived at the close

coolly personally, except

as nowhere else

After a long walk,

we arrived at the Glen

with a fond eye. The

was your

inform'd, 'I began

clock, and ran up

the ladies and gentlemen

rooms for the dining

ergymnasium, was then in

impatiently waiting for

our steps to the master's

office.

and said, 'We are

three different

and vegetables, the

the piano, and

had them the ground of

scale-looking, weak, tal-

we waist, head weak we

had got into the stage,

and said, 'we might take

' All aboard!' the

the Glen House

secure four pieces of

' All aboard!' the

house, where I had a

Rev. T. King. Mr.

two men made our dis-

arrangement, so we had

I would not write any

say that the man who

had become a slave-stealer.'

disposes of this affair, vindicating the slaveholder and

the slave.

The editor of the *Plymouth Rock* of July 21st thus

admits to me, for my oriental color, ought

to know that, while Christians in heaven, his Master and

Lord was an Oriental—the Apostles were so too; and

he ought to know this—that, as far as the

civilization and pre-existence of national glory are con-

cerned, as there is distance between a Brahmin and a negro,

so there is the same distance between a

and him.

Dear sir, gentleman recognizes gentleman—a Jew—

the good host of Congress Hall,

Saratoga, where the scenes and gaieties of the sum-

mer are proverbial, drew an extra chair by my side, and

entertained me with the sweet words of his lips,

besides the dainties of the table before me.

What a humiliating commentary upon American

Christianity is this treatment of Mr. Gangooly, and

his statement will read in 'heathen' Burnash!

—

THE PLYMOUTH CELEBRATION—RESCUE

OF A FEMALE SLAVE.

Banks & Co. in the days of the Pilgrims—Motives—

Facts and Private History of the Rescue of the slave

Maria Gaskins—Effects of Slavery on the Northern

Heart—Confession of Spiritualists—Their Declara-

tion of Sentiments.

PLYMOUTH, Sunday, Aug. 7, 1859.

DEAR GARRISON:

I wrote to you a line touching the great gathering

in this place to celebrate the laying of the corner-

stone of a National Monument to the Pilgrims. It

is said to see the mottoes on the arches over the

streets. Nothing is more significant of the utter in-

capacity of the people of Plymouth, and of the de-

scendants of those martyrs to their own convictions

of duty, than these mottoes, and the character of the

men who officiated on that occasion. Gov. Banks, of

Rhode Island, and Gov. Buckingham, of Connecti-

cot, Asa Burlingame, George Sumner, Rev.

Richard Storrs, D.D., Richard Warren, and a Mr.

Hard, Grand Master Mason, were conspicuous in

that celebration.

These eulogies were ludicrous to me.

They were all the

same.

One of the

and the other

the

the</p

POETRY.

We made a brief visit to Newburyport, a few days since, and had the pleasure of an interview with Miss HANNAH F. GOULD, the poetess, an old and esteemed acquaintance whom we had not seen for a quarter of a century—many of whose effusions we set up in type, in the days of our apprenticeship, as originally communicated to the *Newburyport Herald*. Though time is making its impression upon her bodily powers, we found her spirit as fresh and vigorous in the cause of freedom and humanity as when we first knew her. Her writings have always been on the side of virtue and goodness. We believe her first Anti-Slavery effusion was the following, written for the first number of the *Liberator*, which was published on the first day of January, 1831. It will be new, we presume, to a large majority of our present subscribers.—*[Ed. Lib.]*

THE SALUTATION.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

To date my being from the opening year,
I come, a stranger in this busy sphere,
Where some I meet perchance may stop and ask,
What is my name, my purpose, or my task.

My name is 'LIBERATOR' I propose
To hurl my shafts at Freedom's deadliest foes!
My task is hard—for I am charged to save
Man from his brother!—to redeem the slave!

Ye who may hear, and yet condemn my cause,
Say, shall the best of Nature's holy laws
Be trodden down? and shall her open veins
Flow but for cement to her offspring's chains?

Art thou a parent? shall thy children be
Bent from thy breast, like branches from the tree,
And doom'd to servitude, in helplessness,
On other shores, and thus ask no redress?

Thou, in whose bosom glows the sacred flame
Of filial love, say, if the tyrant came,
To force thy parent shrieking from thy sight,
Would thy heart bleed—because thy face is white?

Art thou a brother? shall thy sister twine
Her feeble arm in agony on thine,
And thou not lift the heel, nor aim the blow
At him who bears her off to life-long woes?

Art thou a sister? will no desperate cry
Awake thy sleeping brother, while thine eye
Beholds the fetters locking on the limb
Stretched out in rest, which hence must end for him?

Art thou a lover?—no! naught e'er was found
In lover's breast save cords of love, that bound
Man to his kind!—then, thy professions save!
Forswear affection, or release thy slave!

Thou who art kneeling at thy Maker's shrine,
Ask if Heaven takes such offerings as thine!
If in thy bonds the son of Afric sighs,
Far higher than thy prayer his groans shall rise!

God is a God of mercy, and would see
The prison-doors unbared—the bondmen free!
He is a God of truth, with purer eyes
Than to behold th' oppressor's sacrifice!

Avarice, thy ery and thy insatiate thirst
Make man consent to see his brother curs'd!
Tears, sweat and blood thou drink'st, but in their
turn,

They shall cry 'More!' while vengeance bids thee
burn.

The Lord hath said it—who shall him gainsay?
He says, 'The wicked they shall go away'—
Who are the wicked? Contradic who can,
They are th' oppressors of their fellow-man!

Aid me, NEW ENGLAND! 'tis my hope in you
Which gives me strength my purpose to pursue!
Do you not hear your sister States respond
With Afric's cry to have her sons unbound?

—

Miss Gould kindly put into our hands the fol-
lowing, as her latest testimony in regard to the awful
sin of enslaving our fellow-creatures.

HYMN FOR THE SLAVE.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

There is a peaceful home above,
Where all who bear below

The cross of Christ, in faith and love,
As equal heirs may go.

There is a fount, whose waters gush
With life beyond the grave,

Whereof the master will not blush
To drink beside the slave.

The Tree that from that Holy Land
Immortal bloom receives,
Is planted where the Ethiop's hand
May reach its balmy leaves.

When Death unlocks the bondman's chain,
And sets his spirit free,

No hunter on his flight shall gain,
To that all-healing tree!

The hue that marked his mortal vest—
The yoke—the stripes he bore—

In that pure world of light and rest,
Can wring his soul no more!

But, while his grateful song shall flow
To his Redeemer there,

What part is he who wrought his woe—
His earthly lord—to bear?

There is a Law, all-wise, supreme,
With God's eternal seal;

And self-deceivers only dream
From this to find peace.

No powers that pure, supernal Law,
Can weaken or annul;

Nor Conscience then an opiate draw,
The sense of guilt to lull.

There is an ADVOCATE, who stands
Unwavering and un-fued,

For those with grieved, but guiltless hands,

That Higher Law to plead.

Whoe'er his neighbor robes of rights

Which God with being gave,

Against Omnipotence he fights—

Himself to sin a slave!

Whose on hand bosom wears
Fine gold and sparkling gem,

That sprang from drops of sweat and tears,

Where bondsman planted them,

Then boasts of Freedom! rights of birth!

And grasps his trembling slave—

His mockery taints the air—the earth—

It seeps beyond the grave.

And he who wears the Christian name,
To mask an earthly heart;

And puts the cause of Christ to shame,

To prop a human heart—

The holy fame how shall he face

From God's all-searching eye,

That may the Mene, Tekel! trace,

Which he may not defy!

For there's a throne—a holy throne,

Where Justice holds the scale,

While every soul's concerns are shown,

And many a hope must fail.

The Judge, whose eye unerring sees

Each deed and thought, is He

Who saith, 'What did ye unto these,

Ye did unto me!'

Newburyport, Mass.

WELL-DOING.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewed,
Confers its fragrant beauty on its own.

THE LIBERATOR.

NEW ENGLAND

COLORED CITIZENS' CONVENTION.

Pursuant to Call, a Convention of the Colored Citizens of New England, to take into consideration the best means of promoting their moral, social and political elevation, gathered in the Melonaon, in Boston, on Monday morning, Aug. 1st, 1859.

Large delegations were in attendance from New Bedford, Springfield and Worcester, Massachusetts; from Rhode Island, Connecticut and Maine. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Canada, and other sections of the Union, were also represented.

The stand of the President and the tables of the reporters were graced with elegant bouquets, presented by the ladies.

Before the transaction of any business, the audience sang a hymn commencing:—

'Ho! children of the brave,
Ho! freemen of the land,
That hurled into the grave
Oppression's bloody hand!
Come on, come on, and joined be we
To make the fettered bondman free!'

The Convention was called to order at 10 o'clock, A. M., by Wm. Wells Brown, who read the call. It was then temporarily organized by the choice of Rev. Amos G. Beman, of Maine, as Chairman, and Bella C. Perry, of New Bedford, as Secretary.

The following were appointed a Committee on Permanent Organization:—John W. Lewis, Maine; Lewis Hayden, Henry O. Remington, Mark R. De Mortie, James Jefferson.

Prayer was offered by Rev. J. N. Gloucester, of New York.

A resolution fixing the basis of representation, and requesting each member of the Convention to pay towards expenses, was debated and adopted.

A Committee on Roll was then appointed, as follows:—Henry Weedon, Jeremiah Harvey, Edward M. Bannister, J. N. Gloucester.

Charles Lenox Remond remarked that this Convention would be regarded as something of a curiosity, even in old Boston, and many people would look in upon its deliberations from motives of curiosity, and from other motives; but he hoped that colored people would not stand in the doors, and look in upon the Convention as upon a menagerie. If they had no interest here, they better go somewhere else. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The throng at the door did not diminish.

An original song, by Wm. Wells Brown, was sung in a fine manner, to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne.' The following is the first stanza:—

'Ring out the anti-slavery flag
Of every gallant creature;
And let all folds wave o'er the land,
Till all beneath the standard-sheat
With new allegiance bow,
And pledge themselves to onward bear
The emblem of their vow.'

In the absence of the Nominating Committee, Wm. Wells Brown addressed the Convention, as follows:

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens.—The property of holding a Convention of the colored citizens of the New England States has been questioned. Some think that the time has gone by for having such a Convention; others are of opinion that the time has not arrived. I confess that I am unfavorable to any gathering that shall seem like taking separate action from our white fellow-citizens; but it appears to me that just at the present time, such a meeting as this is needed. The colored people in the free States are in a distracted and unsettled condition. The Fugitive Slave Law, the Dred Scott Decision, and other inroads made upon the colored man's rights, make it necessary that they should come together that they may compare notes, talk over the cause of their sufferings, and see if any thing can be done to better their condition. Our old enemy the Colonization Society has taken advantage of the present state of feeling among us, and is doing all in its power to persuade us to go to Africa; the Emigration scheme has new life, and another enemy, under the name of the African Civilization Society, has sprung into existence, and beckons us to a home in a foreign land. Now, Mr. President, if this Convention shall do nothing more than to inspire our people with confidence in themselves, and cause them to resolve never to leave this their native land, it will have accomplished a good work. Our right to live here is as good as the white man's, and is incorporated in the Declaration of Independence, in the passage which declares that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Then let us remain here, and claim our rights upon the soil where our fathers fought side by side with the white man for freedom. Let us remain here, and labor to remove the chains from the limbs of our brethren on the banks of the Mississippi. Yet, let us stay here, and vindicate our right to citizenship, and pledge ourselves to aid in completing the Revolution for human freedom, commenced by the patriots of 1776, and see our country as free as the air we breathe.

We must take a manly stand, bid defiance to the Fugitive Slave Law, Dred Scott Decision, and every thing that shall attempt to fasten fetters upon us. We will let our white fellow-citizens see that we know our rights, and, knowing, will maintain them.

I hope, Mr. President, that this Convention will stimulate our people to self-elevation. They who would be free themselves must strike the blow, means something more than striking at our fellow-men. We must free ourselves from ignorance and intemperance, and show that we respect ourselves, and this will bring respect from our enemies. We must educate our children, give them professions or trades, and let them have a capital within themselves, that shall gain them wealth and influence. We must recommend to our people to become possessors of the soil, to leave the large cities, take to farming, and make themselves independent. And lastly, we must try to stir within them more interest in the Anti-Slavery cause. It is a lamentable fact, that colored men take too little interest in Conventions called by our white fellow-citizens. Had they gone into those meetings and taken part, as they should, this Convention would have been somewhat out of place.

Mr. Brown's remarks were cut short by the return of the Nominating Committee, who, through John W. Lewis, reported the following list of officers for the permanent organization of the Convention:—

President,

GEORGE T. DOWNING, of Rhode Island.

Vice Presidents—Ezra R. Johnson, Samuel Harrington, and John T. Hilton, of Massachusetts; Amos G. Beman, of Maine; Isaac Rice, of Rhode Island; William Anderson, of Connecticut; A. N. Freeman, of New York; William Still, of Pennsylvania; Jared Gray, of Illinois; J. Sella Martin, of New York; Lewis Clark, of Canada.

Secretaries—Charles H. Gardner, Boston; A. G. Jourdain, Jr., New Bedford; John T. Waugh, Providence; Wm. H. Leonard, New York.

On motion of Mr. Brown, a committee of two was appointed to wait on the President, and conduct him to the chair. He was received with much applause. He was met by the Chairman *pro tem.*, who presented him, behalf of the ladies of the Convention, with a beautiful vase of white roses, fuchsias, and other flowers, as a token of their appreciation of his noble labors in behalf of school rights in Rhode Island. The presentation was accompanied with a very neat speech.

I will read some testimony from one of the papers of this city, the *New Bedford Courier*, a paper which I have heard styled Boston's pro-slavery organ. Whether it be a misnomer or not, I leave the Boston delegation to say; but this I do know.—I have read in its columns something that looked like a stealing of Anti-Slavery thunder. It said, not long ago, speaking in reference

C. Perry, Lewis Hayden, J. N. Gloucester, Edward B. Lawton, Wm. Wells Brown, Mrs. Ruth Rice Remond, Mark De Mortie, Robert Gordon, Mrs. Eliza Logan Lawton, Henry Johnson.

The President then delivered the following address:—

A few days ago, a friend wrote to me, and said that it was the intention of some of my friends to present my name for the Presidency of this Convention. He urged me to be present. I felt a deficiency, because of a consciousness of my inability to properly discharge the trust that might be imposed; or rather, because I thought that there would be those present who would discharge the same with greater credit to themselves, and to the Convention. But my friends urging, I finally consented to serve, should the Convention manifest a desire that I should do so. So the honor you have conferred upon me in electing me your President is not altogether a surprise. But this unexpected surprise—the bouquets presented through you, kind sir, by the ladies of Boston, is more than I had any reason to expect. You say that they present it as a testimonial in appreciation of my efforts in Rhode Island, in behalf of equal school rights. It is true that I have labored for the same, but I have done no more than my duty. I have labored in this direction, because to me it seemed that it lay the path of duty; that in it I might not only serve justice and right, but my people and myself—my little ones.

Allow me to assure you, that whilst I have found the path rugged, difficult, and in many cases unpleasant, yet ever and anon I have encountered bright spots. I have even felt that I had, as my companions cheering me, justice, right and truth; and I am proud to receive these garlands at your hand to encircle their brows; for unto them it is meet to award the prize.

Gentlemen, I have not left the plough to come into council, as did some men of old; but I have, I may say, stolen away from engagements in my calling, to the advantage of being with you to-day, upon matters pertaining to our rights as men, and as Americans.

The great consideration that presses upon me, is What may we do to make ourselves of more importance in community—necessary, indispensable? To sustain such a relation as this to community, (and it is possible,) is to secure, beyond a question, all the respects; to make sure the enjoyment of all the rights that the most deferred to of the land enjoy. Society is deferential; it defers to power. Learning and wealth are most potent in society. It is not necessary that many men and women of be wealthy and learned, before we can force respect as a class; but it is necessary that we exhibit a proportionate representative character for learning and wealth, to be respected. It is not numbers alone, it is not universal wealth, it is not general learning, that secures to those, known by a distinction in society as whites, that gain power; for they are not generally wealthy, nor commonly learned. The number of these among them, as in all communities, is limited; but that number form a representative character, some of whom excel; hence they have power—the class enjoy a name.

There you see that we have a hopeful, and I will add, an inseparable, providential identity with this country; with its institutions, with the ideas connected with its formation, which were the uplifting of man—universal brotherhood. The Congress of the Confederation said in April, 1783, 'Let it be remembered, finally, that it has ever been the pride and boast of America, that the rights for which she contended were the rights of human nature. By the blessings of the Author of these rights on the means exerted for their defence, they have prevailed against all opposition, and form the basis of thirteen independent States.' We are the life of the nation's existence; a nation must have issues to exhibit vitality. All of the great principles of the land are brought out and discussed in connection with the negro. But, for him, there would be a sameness; the great ethical school of the great ethical school of the times, would be closed for the want of a subject. We are the alphabet; upon us, all are constructed. We, the descendants, to a great extent, of those most unjustly held in bondage, whose forefathers in Africa lived through ages of ignorance and superstition, against whom the world has been in arms; these were the most fit subjects to be selected for work out in perfection the realization of a great principle, the *fraternal unity of man*. This is AMERICA'S MISSION. We suffer in the interim; but we can, as abundantly proven, endure. We can and do hope. We are not, and cannot be, unmindful of Fugitive Slave Laws, Dred Scott decisions, American Colonization Societies, and of the latest, the African Civilization Society; these we can see through and endure. They may be regarded as sequences; they do annoy, but cannot permanently affect us. We will not be driven off; we will rear and educate our children here, in this our native land, around our sacred altars; altars which our children's children will gaze upon here, and, if needs be, reconstruct; in a climate and a home congenial to us; and to the development of mind and manhood. All of the injustice and wrong that we have experienced, and the power secured to them; those who have it, should never let an occasion pass, when they have the chance to develop, the character necessary for such an undertaking. Such a character must grow out of the experience that begets wealth from learning, together with keen moral perceptions. Have we such a character? Twenty-five to thirty years is no unusual